1:Sanders Z-5,4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

The Mountains

133 [311] The legend of the rainbow in the rock does not err in speaking of Greece as a rock. Only one fourth of her area is currently or potentially of any agricultural use and lies mostly in valleys or plains near the coast, at the foot of mountainous slopes. The remaining three fourths of the land consists largely of precipitous mountains, ranging up to a height in Mount Olympus of about 9600 feet.[11] "Beautiful," says the tourist. "Unproductive," says the economic planner.

The Pindus range, reaching its way south as an extension of the Dinaric Alps from Yugoslavia, is most marked in Epirus but nevertheless extends on into Central Greece. A spine of mountains comprises the central part of the Peloponnesos; even Athens is surrounded by gentle Parnes, Hymettus, and Pentele. In Northern Greece the Rhodope Massive cuts through part of Macedonia and Thrace, while Mount Olympus rises majestically out of the Thessalian plain. This means that the rugged topography is not confined to one part of Greece but that peaks can be seen from almost any place on the mainland. Many islands, including Euboea and Crete, have their heights around which legends as well as clouds have gathered.

[137] Since there are no forests on many of the mountains, the landscape has an almost naked look when seen for the first time. But a longer stay in Greece accustoms one to the browns and grays and lavenders in place of the greens often associated with tree-clad mountains. Frequently at dusk the mountains turn to a deep rose and purple that seems magically unreal.

[132] Where there are mountains there should be water to irrigate the fields below or turn the turbines of power projects. Heavy rains and snows do fall on the summits, but since Greece is only 171 miles across at its widest part (Epirus-Thessaly), and since the mountain divide cleaves the center, there is not much space in which rivers can find a gradual slope to the sea. They thus are short and swift, with a torrential character that poses great problems of flood, silt, erosion, and river control.

134 A village priest in Epirus described the erosion of soil by saying, half-seriously, that his fields grew rocks. When asked how this could be, he replied, "I went out and plowed my field, plowing around two rocks that stood only slightly above the ground. I put in my seed; the rains came. After the first rain I noticed that the rocks had grown farther above the soil; after the second rain they had grown even more. So I knew that my fields grew rocks rather than grain."

137 185 [311] [233] [175] Where there are mountains there should be forests. But before the war Greek forests covered only about 19 percent of the total area of the country. Once they were larger in extent. Constantine Nevros, in an article in *Soil Conservation*, holds the goat primarily responsible for the destruc-

1:Sanders Z-5/4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

tion of the forests, but points out that even in classical times portions of Greek forests were felled to provide lumber for the construction of Athenian triremes.[13] He dates the beginning of the serious destruction of Greek forests during the Roman invasion of Macedonia, when the Greeks lost their fields in the fertile plains and took refuge in the mountains where they were forced to become stock breeders. Other writers fix the most serious destruction at the time of the Greek war of independence, beginning in 1821, when large tracts of forest were burned. This form of devastation has continued ever since, either to clear land for cultivation or to encourage the growth of young palatable shoots which are attractive to stock. An example of what warfare can do is the cutting down of the trees on Mount Parnes, near Athens, and other places during World War II by the Germans pursuing guerrillas and by Athenians in need of fuel.

The remaining land area of Greece which is not arable and not in forest, certainly over 50 percent, is either in scrub oak or is open rocky range, a fact which makes sheep and goat raising an important branch of the economy.

Where there are mountains there should be useful minerals. Greece does have a variety of mineral deposits, including some iron ore of high content, iron pyrites, emery, copper, zinc, lead magnesite, chromite, and lignite. An American company is now exploiting a fairly large deposit of asbestos south of Kozane. There is no coal, but much more extensive use could be made of the "brown coal," or lignite, to reduce or eliminate the heavy import of coal. Even if the resources listed here, as well as others not touched upon, were fully utilized, Greece would still compare unfavorably with most other countries.

These barren, colorful mountains modify the climate.[14] We often tend to think of Greece as having a Mediterranean climate, mindful of its similarity to Florida or California. Actually, what is called a Mediterranean climate — a hot, dry, cloudless summer, frequent north winds, and a mild, rainy, cloudy winter — prevails over only a small portion of Greece, such as the eastern coast of the Peloponnesos, Central Greece and Euboea, Crete and the Aegean Islands. The map of rainfall shows this clearly. On the western side of the Peloponnesos there is a modified Mediterranean climate with much heavier rainfall. Much of Greece, however, has a modified Continental climate with cold winters and hot, usually dry, summers. These conditions of extreme alternations in Thessaly, Central and Eastern Macedonia, and Thrace favor the growing of cereals. The dry areas of Eastern Macedonia and Thrace, with soils low in humus, are centers for the growing of the small-leaved Oriental or Turkish tobacco.

What is surprising is the prevalence of an Alpine climate, due to the high altitudes, throughout the Pindus area and the higher parts of the

1:Sanders Z-5,† (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1

Peloponnesos. Many villages† are snowbound for two, three, or even four months. The government has learned the necessity of helping these people stockpile their basic stores of food well in advance of the cold weather to avoid starvation or at least the malnutrition which would otherwise occur in these isolated villages.

Even around Athens, so very near the sea, the mountains take on an Alpine effect. On a January day in 1953, when early jonquils were blooming in the gardens around the villas, a thirty-minute drive took us to the top of Mount Parnes where people were skiing in two feet of snow, which lasted from three to four weeks.

In addition to the climatic role they play, the mountains become places of refuge when invaders overrun the country. Here the revolutionaries against the Turk began to flex their muscles prior to the beginning of the revolution in 1821. The dwellers of the cities and the monks in the monasteries may have kept Greek culture, in the sense of civilization, alive, but the villagers kept the spirit of independence alive. Over and over again those who really know Greece would say, "you have not seen our country until you leave the main highways and go up into the mountains to talk with the hardy peasants there." This tradition of the mountains is a conditioning influence in Greek thought and life along with the tradition of the sea.

What, one wonders, do the peasants think of the rough terrain about them? Do they personify any of the peaks or make their summits the dwelling place of gods, as did the Greeks of old? The old Greek pantheon, it seems, has been liquidated by the Christian God and the collection of saints revered by the Eastern Orthodox Church. "Thou hast conquered, Galilean," Swinburne's classic pagan wept. One does find on most peaks a monastery to St. Elijah, a whitewashed building reflecting the slanting sun in early morning or late afternoon. Students of these matters seem to agree that Elijah (Elias), who disappeared in a chariot of flame, may have superseded Helios and his fiery steeds.[14] The top of the mountain from ancient times has been the place to worship the sun.

Particular mountains, however, do have their own local traditions. One of the peaks of Panaitolikon in Central Greece is called the Mountain of the Old Woman, as the following legend explains.

> Once upon a time an old woman had finished pasturing her sheep below for the winter and had moved them up into the mountains for summer grazing. The month of March was almost ended, so the woman said: "March, you can go away; I don't need you any more for I have had a good winter below and will have a good summer here." But March in its anger borrowed one day from February, giving him thirty-one days. On that day there was a heavy storm. The old woman froze and turned into marble and there she now stands. That's why they call those heights the Mountain of the Old Woman.

† [Throughout the Pindus area and the higher parts of the Peloponnesos - ANALYST]

1:Sanders Z-5,1 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1
Attica

dweller can seldom appreciate. Many a villager may curse the land or bless it, as the seafarer does the sea, but he does it as though he were speaking of a part of his own body. In this he resembles his forebears of three thousand years ago. Legally, however, land ownership in Greece has gone a full cycle in the past three millenniums.[6]

A good vantage point from which to view this cycle of land ownership is Attica, the area around Athens. The average tourist to Greece speeds down the road from Athens on his way through the Attic countryside to Sounion, where Poseidon's temple overlooks the sea; or he drives a few miles north to Marathon to climb the memorial mound; he moves through Attica for forty or fifty miles on his way to Megara and Corinth, ancient places to be seen and photographed. On all of these trips he will see peasants everywhere. In the spring and summer they are bringing loads of vegetables — carrots, tomatoes, squash — into the city; in the fall they are taking grapes from the vineyards to be pressed by foot in the large wooden vats or, as winter comes, carrying the dead branches of the vines home to burn in their small, cold houses. Their slow-moving animals delay the tourist bus, their sheep respond erratically to the auto horn, but the peasants themselves seem unconcerned about the traffic. And the land, the dusty countryside, dotted with the gray-green olive groves, and the dark points of the cypress, surrounded by heights incredibly changing from silver to rose to violet and purple in the dusk, must look very much the same as it did when travelers or Athenians described it long ago.

In the sixth century B.C. most of the soil of Attica was in the hands of individual proprietors. It was "cultivated, as far as it was cultivable at all, by peasant proprietors, who appear to have been, if not prosperous, at least independent and contented until the devastation of Attica in the Peloponnesian War brought with it widespread unsettlement and ruin and inaugurated a period of hardship and struggle for the rural population."[7] Today peasant proprietors again work their own land, independent and moderately content, on the Attic plain and up the rocky slopes where crops, vineyards or olive trees can be made to grow.

The story of what happened between the Golden Age's peasant proprietors and the return of the land to peasant owners in the Atomic Age not only reveals much about the past of Greece but helps explain the contemporary peasant's concern for land.[8] The individual property holder, sometimes medium and sometimes small, persisted, although with difficulty, from classic times down to the Byzantine period. Then some villages, called *kephalochoria*, did manage even under Byzantium to preserve the private peasant holdings, and many more settlements possessed communal property to serve the needs of the commune. But most of the individual holdings yielded to the large estate which belonged to the crown, the nobles, or the clergy.[9] After the end of Byzantium in 1453, the Turkish

1:Sanders Z-5.4 (1952-1959) 1962 EH1 Greece EH1
Vlachs EH15
Peloponnesos
Sara Katsani EH14

do not go far toward meeting the basic economic issues faced by the shepherd today.

As we talked with these shepherds, all of them dressed shabbily in patched trousers and coats and none of them in the traditional white kilt (*foustanella*), I realized again the inexorable push of social change. Americans by the hundreds in Greece were diligently and intelligently teaching Greek farmers how to improve their agricultural methods, how to make use of fallow land without losing its fertility, and even encouraging the plains farmers to keep more sheep or cows of their own for milk production. But to the degree that these sensible, reasoned programs succeed, to that extent the shepherds of the mountain villages face what we call in impersonal terms "occupational displacement."

These were my thoughts as I reflected on the experience of my acquaintances in Valtetsi and the shepherds from other Peloponnesian villages with whom I talked at many roadside stops. As background for their hesitant but sincere discussion of their problems is the recollection of the natural setting for our conversations: the brilliant bloom of wild flowers, the blue flax blossoms, the tender new green of the mulberry trees, the leaves pushing out from the gray fig trees standing in terraces on the mountainside, and the vineyards and olive groves stretching out far below, with the shimmering indigo sea off in the distance. Close at hand the earth looked stony and inhospitable to growing things, but always at a little distance the springtime colors caught the eye and made one glad to be in Greece. Now and then I found the shepherds themselves appreciatively viewing the scene around them while keeping a careful watch over their dusty, weary sheep which still had many miles ahead before reaching the succulent summer pastures. I had a feeling that these men on the move would be the first to agree that transhumance in the Peloponnesos, though beset with many problems and facing a clouded future, still had its compensations in the serene beauty of the land through which they walked.

The "Nomads" of Epirus

I had no idea when I left the Peloponnesos and its sheep-filled roads that a month later I would be encountering the same kind of migration in Epirus, the rugged and legendary northwestern province of Greece.

There was one important difference between the shepherds whom I met in Epirus and those in the Peloponnesos. The latter, such as the people of Valtetsi, had been bona fide Greek rancher-peasants who just happened to live in mountain villages where transhumance was their basic adaptation to their environment. In Epirus the shepherds were "nomads," who from time immemorial have made their circuits through Albania, what is now Yugoslavia, southern Bulgaria, and Northern Greece.[4] They dress differently from the Greeks; their dwellings are very different; and some of them

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The nearest railroad station is 3 kilometers from the village. The area is rather flat, sloping gradually as we progress towards the North East. The whole valley where the village lies is surrounded by small rolling hills that form numerous deep gulleys. Due to the lack of vegetation on those hills erosion has been going on for years and very often the fields are flooded down into the valley. The unceasing wars in this area, starting with the Balkan wars and ending with the First World /6/ War, stripped the hills of all trees and shrubs that could protect the soil and prevent the floods. One finds numerous dry fountain springs at the foot of the hills which were built by the people who passed on long ago. With the disappearance of the vegetation on the hills the water disappeared too. There is a small brook that runs North East of the village which quenches the thirst of the village cattle and the numerous flocks of sheep, and serves as a bathing place for the water buffaloes.

The flat land forms an alluvial valley, which has been formed from the deposition of soil by the continuous erosion of the nearby hills. The average elevation from the sea level is 90 meters. In general the soils of the area are 40% sandy clay red soils and 60% clay pyritic. These soils are made up from the surrounding rock formations. In general the depth of the cultivated soil is not more than 25 centimeters and very compact. The sub-soil is sandy clay and does not conserve the moisture. The fertility of these soils is depleted due to continuous farming for many centuries of the organic material and nitrogen.

The climate is very dry and hot in the summer months with plenty of rain during the winter months and occasionally snow. The seasons of the year follow each other /7/ abruptly and not uniformly. This of course has harmful effects on the growth and germination of the plants and hinders the diversification of farming.

The railroad station close to the village enables the village to get to the big trading city of Salonica. This good location

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This will give a chance for every farmer to have few and those who have too many will be obliged to reduce them due to taxes. 233

5. Every farmer who owns a pair of oxen and two /50/ cows will not pay any tax on them.

6. Those who have 5 heads of cattle will pay 40 cents per head; 5 to 7 $1.00 per head; 10 to 15, $5 per head. Also the scale of taxing should be based not only on the number of head but on the productive capacity of each cow. The better producer will pay less tax and poorest kind of cow will pay the highest.

The above is not only a measure to prevent increase in the number of cows, but also for their improvement so that the pasture can be of the utmost use for greater returns.

The pasture is common and all the animals of the village can be pastured together. Another old law which still exists for the benefit of those who have sheep, is the right of pasturing the fields after crops are removed. The owner of the field has no right to prevent others from pasturing his field after he removes his crop. The only value it has is this that everyone tries to keep livestock so as to get full advantage of his pasture rights. 233 423

The pastures are pastured the year round and year after year they are depleted from some of the best pasture plants. The only grass that occupies a large part of the best pasture is the quack grass, the thistles and wild rasberry plants. Recently the interest of a few leading farmers was directed towards improving the pasture. Some experiments with rotation, the animals /51/ at different seasons on different sections of the pasture gave best results. Harrowing early in the spring, application of fertilizers and complete rest for 3 years were methods advised. 233 246 [137] [242]

The largest part of their farming capital is composed of animals whose feeding largely depends on the pasture. If the farmers continue depleting their pasture from the continuous pasturing the time will come when a future generation will be unable to keep animals. [241] [511] [471]

2:Edmonds T-3 (1926?) 1927 E13 Balkan Peoples
Greece EH1

To the Land of the Eagle

of sanctity, moved slowly away to the vestry, and the acolyte took up a strategic position at the door with a plate in his hand. Very much in doubt as to the amount expected, I contributed a note, and the ceremony was at an end.

It was a curious experience, and made the more interesting by subsequent speculations about the psychology of the priest. How much of his devotion was genuine? How much, if any, was mere acting? Can a man make money out of sacred relics and yet revere them—not for their money-making value but for their holiness? Was the reverent tone of the voice assumed, was it the result of practice, or was it the manifestation of a deep-rooted faith? As I left the church and the carefully-maintained religious atmosphere began to wear off, these and many other questions crossed my mind. They still remained unanswered.

In Albania much of the scenery resembled England. The fields were often bordered by hedges, and familiar trees, such as oak, ash, willow and poplar, were common. In Corfu, however, I found no such resemblance. Olives, cypresses, and eucalyptus, are unknown in the English countryside, nor have we in England hedges of cactus and prickly pear, clumps of spiky aloe growing wild, orange trees, loquat trees, or the wild fig. All these, and many more, grow around Corfu.

The loquat is a curious fruit half-way between a plum and a pear. I encountered it for the first time in Valona. When really ripe it is very good to eat and quite harmless, but it is said to be unwise to eat it warm from the tree—an